

how empty it must be, to not be filled with you by Quyinn

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Summary:

"Hargrove, psst!"

"I said; Hargrove, psst!"

theyre just gay and wholesome and in love

how empty it must be, to not be filled with you

"Hargrove, psst!"

Billy pulls his blanket over his head, wriggling deeper into the warmth of his bed. It's rare he can soak in the sleep-warm covers with relaxed limbs, and damn if he's about to give it up now.

There's a loud huff and a high pitch squeak as his window's dragged fully open that makes Billy grumble. He presses his face harder into his pillow.

"I *said*; Hargrove," The blanket in his fists is yanked on, but there's another huff and then the blankets are being flipped over his feet. "Psst."

"Mfg- wha?" Billy kicks out at the light touches on the soles of his feet and curls his knees up to his chest. He relents a little as hands slip under the blanket and curl over his shoulder, a knee planted behind his legs, and then an entire body slumping over him.

Steve giggles, breath hitting the shell of his ear as he worms his way into Billy's bed.

"C'mon, we're going to miss it!"

Sighing, Billy flings his blanket off, and with it, Steve. The brunet keeps laughing, making no noise at all as he tumbles quietly onto the floor. Billy can still tell he's laughing though. He scrunches his nose and briefly wonders who the fuck Steve thinks he is.

"What are we missing? Apart from half a brain and a good night's sleep." He mutters the last part under his breath but Steve throws a shirt at him.

"Somebody's grumpy." Steve's in his wardrobe, pulling out a clean pair of jeans and socks. Billy slips the shirt on, buttoning it half way up and lays back on the bed as Steve starts cramming his feet into the legs of his skinny jeans.

"It's literally two AM, Prettyboy. We have the whole world on pause."

Billy bats him away when he starts on his socks. Steve rocks back on his knees, barely giving Billy enough room to stand up, a smile on his face. "Gorgeous." Billy whispers, cupping Steve's cheek in one hand, zipping his jeans up with the other.

It's oddly innocent, the way Steve leans into his palm, nose brushing his denim covered crotch. Then Steve's jumping to his feet, snagging Billy's hand in his and starting towards the window.

Billy loves Steve's hands. Loves his slender fingers, bony knuckles, the trim cut of his nails- even the uneven edge of his thumbs where he anxiously chews on them. He loves how well his own fingers slot between them, how easily he can circle Steve's wrist, how he's memorised Steve's life lines in the crease of his palm.

Billy does not love Steve dragging him out of the window, both their hairs bed-mussed and hazardly dressed.

Okay, Billy loves that too. He loves the grin that's splitting Steve's face, the dimple in his right cheek, the way he's mouthing "*come on come on come on*" as if that would urge Billy to go any faster.

What Billy doesn't love is when Steve tugs him out the window and he racks his balls on the wooden sill.

He grunts, staggering a few steps but Steve only winces in sympathy, still pulling instantly at his arm. His boots are unlaced and Billy reckons he deserves a medal or something for not tripping into the dirt.

"I've been waiting all week for this-come *on!*"

"I couldn't be moving faster if I tried, Harrington."

They make it to the Beamer, the passenger door left open to the curb of Billy's street and Steve climbs up and over the gear stick, hand still holding Billy's. Well, his fingers are almost white around his knuckles, he's squeezing Billy's fingers so tight, Billy's waiting for a snap.

Billy ass isn't even full in the seat, his door still open, when Steve starts up the engine. In the light of the car, Steve looks beautiful. His

eyes are wide and tired, but bright and he barely pays attention as they peel away from the curb, darting to look at Billy. "Pay attention."

"Shaddup."

Steve's grinning, and Billy's chest hurts. He shuts the car door, easily them into the dim light of the night.

Billy doesn't pay attention to where they're going, content on watching Steve's focused gaze on the road, his hand draped over Steve's thigh. He runs his thumb up the inseam of Steve's jeans just to see the brunet's grin widen.

Suddenly the Beamer is pulling to a stop and Steve climbs back over the passenger seat, pausing briefly over Billy's lap to open the door, their noses brushing as he leans close to Billy's chest to grab his backpack. Billy growls low in his throat, smiling wide. Steve takes off running, laughter spilling out from between his lips and Billy is helpless not to follow.

Steve's fast; with his long bambi legs, he skids up the hill, weaving in and around the thin maple trees and Billy whoops and cheers everytime Steve almost falls down, his heart lodged in his throat. He struggles to keep up, his unlaced boots tripping him every few steps. Billy swears, kicking them off and running barefoot up the grass, determination and better stamina letting him catch up to Steve enough he could probably grab his shirt.

He doesn't.

He lets Steve slip away, drags his fingers down his spine only for Steve to feign right and bolt left. His laughter sounds like sunshine and Billy would do anything to keep that boy smiling.

"Hurry up! I can hear it coming!" Steve shouts over his shoulder. Billy grumbles under his breath and treads on Steve's heels a little just to hear him yelp. He thinks Steve says his name, but Billy shoulders him pointedly and takes the lead up the hill.

"Fuck- fuck." Steve collapses against him when they reach the top,

Billy beating him there by two or three feet or so. "This is how I die." Steve's chest heaves, breath coming out in pants as he falls dramatically to the floor in a splay of limbs that drag Billy down with him.

Somewhere to the North, underneath the low hanging moon, Billy hears a rumble of a train on the tracks that run on the outskirts of Hawkins. He raises his eyebrow at Steve, but the brunet isn't looking at him. His head is tipped up to the sky, moonlight hooking on his nose.

"D'you hear it?" Steve whispers. He holds his arms out and Billy goes willingly, settling into the slender cradle of Steve's chest. He wedges his bare feet under Steve's calves and ends up half crouched- half laying in his lap, ear pressed against his chest, head nudging Steve's chin. But Steve's hands run up and down his back, popping his collar to keep the slight breeze off his skin.

The clatter of the wooden box cars soon fill the air. The thrum of the train matches the beat of Steve's heart under Billy's head and he closes his eyes. Steve hums, starting to move under Billy, but the blond tightens his knees round his legs, wrapping an arm around his shoulders to keep him still.

"I brought a blanket for a reason." Steve grumbles, but he threads his fingers through Billy's hair and complies. The ground almost shakes with the rumble of the train and Steve relaxes further into Billy's hold, sighing deeply against his forehead. Billy doesn't think he could ever feel cold when Steve's hands are on him.

They listen to each other's breathing, the slight rustle of the tree branches, the magnetic energy of the train's click-clacking and if he was asked to spend the rest of the night, the rest of his *life*, sinking into the dirt like this, Billy couldn't find it in himself to mind.

"Tell me if you get cold, okay?" Steve says into his hairline, just as he shivers. Billy frowns, flipping them over with a grunt and gathering Steve up in his arms. The brunet squawks and laughs, head rolling on Billy's shoulder. If this was a movie, Billy would probably kiss him.

Instead, they huddle together, spell unbroken, moon so low they

could reach out a hand and grab it.

Billy does, extending his arm up and he imagines he's grazing the edges of stars.

"If the sky fell, would you hold it up for me?" Steve whispers, breath warm on his jaw, his skinny arm stretching up so their hands are side by side. Steve's fingers are slim and Billy covers his palm with his own easily.

"Till my bones break." He says around the lump in his throat. Something expands in his stomach and he feels like he's been sucker punched when Steve presses a kiss to his cheek. Their hands fold back down to Earth, clutching each other's fingers.

"My own legend. Your heroic story would be told for an age. And then another age. And another, so nobody could forget how full of heart you are."

"They'd know you too. The man with a laughter that dances on a breeze and a smile so gold, even King Midas would yearn for."

"Hargrove, are you a secret romantic?" Steve kisses him again, on the bridge of his nose.

"Nothing's secret with you, Prettyboy." Billy catches his chin and brings their mouth together. The train slowly dies away as they kiss, the moon dipping lower behind their heads.

Billy might not love the chill of the earth, or the Hawkins breeze that's never warm, or even the actual town itself but he loves how Steve loves him.

got a moon and a billion stars

the sound of steel and old boxcars

the thought of you is drivin me insane

c'mon baby, let's go listen to the night train

Author's Note:

writing impulsive one shots to procrastinate my main harringrove fic?? couldnt be me x

the inspo song is night train by jason aldean

on reflection, the title sounds kinda dirty so like let me if i should write filthy wholesome fucking with our boys ;)

leave a comment or something if you like!! thank you for reading xx

this isnt beta read or even edited if im honest bc i dont want to- we stan raw glory ;))